

They must be bound and laide in some darke roome.  
*Ant.* Say wherefore didst thou locke me forth to day,  
 And why dost thou denie the bagge of gold?  
*Adr.* I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.  
*Dro.* And gentle M<sup>r</sup> I receiu'd no gold:  
 But I confesse fir, that we were lock'd out.  
*Adr.* Dissembling Villain, thou speake'st false in both.  
*Ant.* Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,  
 And art confederate with a damned packe,  
 To make a loathsome abiect scorne of me:  
 But with these nailes, Ile plucke out these false eyes,  
 That would behold in me this shamefull sport.

*Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him:  
 Hee shrines.*

*Adr.* Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come neere me.

*Pinch.* More company, the fiend is strong within him.  
*Luc.* Aye me poore man, how pale and wan he looks.

*Ant.* What wilt thou do, thou peeuish Officer?  
 Hast thou delight to see a wretched man  
 Do outrage and displeasure to himselfe?

*Offi.* He is my prisoner, if I let him go,  
 The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

*Adr.* I will discharge thee ere I go from thee,  
 Beare me forthwith vnto his Creditor,  
 And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it.

*Good Master Doctor* see him safe conuey'd  
 Home to my house, oh most vnhappie day.

*Ant.* Oh most vnhappie strumpet.  
*Dro.* Master, I am heere entred in bond for you.

*Ant.* Out on thee Villaine, wherefore dost thou mad mee?

*Dro.* Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good Master, cry the diuell.

*Luc.* God helpe poore soules, how idly doe they talke.

*Adr.* Go beate him hence, sister go you with me:  
 Say now, whose suite is he arrested at?

*Exeunt. Manet Offi. Adri. Luci. Courtezian*

*Offi.* One Angelo a Goldsmith, do you know him?

*Adr.* I know the man: what is the summe he owes?

*Offi.* Two hundred Duckets.

*Adr.* Say, how growes it due?

*Offi.* Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.

*Adr.* He did bespeake a Chain for me, but had it not.

*Cur.* When as your husband all in rage to day,  
 Came to my house, and tooke away my Ring,

The Ring I saw vpon his finger now,  
 Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine.

*Adr.* It may be so, but I did neuer see it.

*Come* lailor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,  
 I long to know the truth heereof at large.

*Enter Antipholus Siracusa with his Rapier drawne,  
 and Dro. Sirac.*

*Luc.* God for thy mercy, they are loose againe.

*Adr.* And come with naked swords,  
 Let's call more helpe to haue them bound againe.

*Runne all out.*

*Off.* Away, they'll kill vs. *Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frighted.*

*S. Ant.* I see these Witches are affraid of swords.

*S. Dro.* She that would be your wife, now ran from you.

*Ant.* Come to the Centaur, fetch our stuffe from thence:

I long that we were safe and found aboard.

*Dro.* Faith stay heere this night, they will surely do vs no harme: you saw they speake vs faire, give vs gold:

me thinks they are such a gentle Nation, that but for the Mountaine of mad flesh that claimes marriage of me,

I could finde in my heart to stay heere still, and turne Witch.

*Ant.* I will not stay to night for all the Towne,  
 Therefore away, to get our stuffe aboard. *Exeunt*

### Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.*

*Gold.* I am sorry Sir that I haue hindred you,  
 But I protest he had the Chaine of me,

Though most dishonestly he doth denie it.

*Mar.* How is the man esteem'd heere in the Citie?

*Gold.* Of very reuerent reputation fir,

Of credit infinite, highly belou'd,  
 Second to none that liues heere in the Citie:

His word might beare my wealth at any time.

*Mar.* Speake softly, yonder as I thinke he walks.

*Enter Antipholus and Dranio againe.*

*Gold.* 'Tis so: and that selfe chaine about his necke,  
 Which he forswore most monstrously to haue.

*Good fir* draw neere to me, Ile speake to him: *Antipholus*,  
 Signior Antipholus, I wonder much.

That you would put me to this shame and trouble,  
 And not without some scandall to your selfe,

With circumstance and oaths, so to denie  
 This Chaine, which now you weare so openly.

Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,  
 You haue done wrong to this my honest friend,

Who but for staying on our Controuersie,  
 Had hoisted saile, and put to sea to day:

This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?

*Ant.* I thinke I had, I neuer did deny it.

*Mar.* Yes that you did fir, and forswore it too.

*Ant.* Who heard me to denie it or forswore it?

*Mar.* These eares of mine thou knowst did hear thee:  
 Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pittie that thou liu'st

To walke where any honest men resort.

*Ant.* Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,  
 Ile proue mine honor, and mine honestie

Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand:

*Mar.* I dare and do defie thee for a villaine.

*They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezian, & others.*

*Adr.* Hold, hurt him not for Gods sake, he is mad,  
 Some get within him, take his sword away:

Binde *Dranio* too, and beate them to my house.

*S. Dro.* Runne master run, for Gods sake take a house,  
 This is some Priorie, in, or we are spoyle'd.

*Exeunt to the Priorie.*

*Enter Ladie Abbess.*

*Ab.* Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?

*Adr.* To fetch my poore distracted husband hence,  
 Let vs come in, that we may binde him fast,

And beate him home for his recouerie.

*Gold.* I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

*Mar.* I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

*Ab.* How long hath this possession held the man.

*Adr.* This weeke he hath bene heauie, sower sad,  
 And much different from the man he was:

But till this afternoone his passion  
 Ne're brake into extremity of rage.

*Ab.* Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea,  
 Buried some deere friend, hath not else his eye

Stray'd his affection in vnlawfull loue,  
 A sinne preuailing much in youthfull men,

Who giue their eies the liberty of gazing.  
 Which of these sorowes is he subiect too?

*Adr.* To none of these, except it be the last,  
 Namely, some loue that drew him oft from home.

*Ab.* You should for that haue reprehended him.

*Adr.* Why so I did.

*Ab.* I but not rough enough.

*Adr.* As roughly as my modestie would let me.

*Ab.* Haply in priuate.

*Adr.* And in assemblies too.

*Ab.* I, but not enough.

*Adr.* It was the copie of our Conference.  
 In bed he slept not for my vrging it,

At boord he fed not for my vrging it:  
 Alone, it was the subiect of my Theame:

In company I often glanced it:  
 Still did I tell him, it was vilde and bad.

*Ab.* And thereof came it, that the man was mad.  
 The venome clamors of a ialous woman,

Poisons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.  
 It seemes his sleepes were hindred by thy railing,

And thereof comes it that his head is light.  
 Thou saist his meate was saw'd with thy vpbraids,

Vnquiet meales make ill digestions,  
 Thereof the raging fire of feauer bred,

And what's a Feauer, but a fit of madnesse?  
 Thou sayest his sports were hindred by thy brallies.

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue  
 But moodie and dull melancholly,

Kinsman to grim and comfortlesse dispaire,  
 And at her heeles a huge infectious troope

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?  
 In food, in sport, and life-preseruing rest

To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:  
 The consequence is then, thy ialous fits

Hath scar'd thy husband from the vse of wits.

*Luc.* She neuer reprehended him but mildly,  
 When he demean'd himselfe, rough, rude, and wildly,

Why beare you these rebukes, and answer not?

*Adr.* She did betray me to my owne reproofe,  
 Good people enter, and lay hold on him.

*Ab.* No, not a creature enters in my house.

*Adr.* Then let your seruants bring my husband forth.

*Ab.* Neither: he tooke this place for sanctuary,  
 And it shall priuiledge him from your hands,

Till I haue brought him to his wits againe,  
 Or loose my labour in assaying it.

*Adr.* I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sicknesse, for it is my Office,  
 And will haue no attorney but my selfe,

And therefore let me haue him home with me.

*Ab.* Be patient, for I will not let him stirre,  
 Till I haue vs'd the approoued meanes I haue,

With wholsome sirrups, drugges, and holy prayers  
 To make of him a formall man againe:

It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,  
 A charitable dutie of my order,

Therefore depart, and leaue him heere with me.

*Adr.* I will not hence, and leaue my husband heere:  
 And ill it doth become your holinesse

To separate the husband and the wife.

*Ab.* Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not haue him.

*Luc.* Complaine vnto the Duke of this indignity.

*Adr.* Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feete,  
 And neuer rise vntill my teares and prayers

Haue won his grace to come in person hither,  
 And take perforce my husband from the Abbess.

*Mar.* By this I thinke the Diall points at five:  
 Anon I'me iure the Duke himselfe in person

Comes this way to the melancholly vale;  
 The place of depth, and sorrie execution,

Behinde the ditches of the Abbey heere.

*Gold.* Vpon what cause?

*Mar.* To see a reuerent *Siracusan* Merchant,  
 Who put vnluckily into this Bay

Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne,  
 Beheaded publicly for his offence.

*Gold.* See where they come, we wil behold his death.

*Luc.* Kneele to the Duke before he passe the Abbey.

*Enter the Duke of Ephesus, and the Merchant of Siracusa  
 bare head, with the Headsmen, & other  
 Officers.*

*Duke.* Yet once againe proclaime it publicly,  
 If any friend will pay the summe for him,

He shall not die, so much we tender him.

*Adr.* Iustice most sacred Duke against the Abbess.

*Duke.* She is a vertuous and a reuerend Lady,  
 It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

*Adr.* May it please your Grace, *Antipholus* my husband,  
 Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,

At your important Letters this ill day,  
 A most outrageous fit of madnesse tooke him:

That desperately he hurried through the streete,  
 With him his bondman, all as mad as he,

Doing displeasure to the Citizens,  
 By rushing in their houses: bearing thence

Rings, Jewels, any thing his rage did like.  
 Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,

Whil'st to take order for the wrongs I went,  
 That heere and there his furie had committed,

Anon I wot not, by what strong escape  
 He broke from those that had the guard of him,

And with his mad attendant and himselfe,  
 Each one with irefull passion, with drawne swords

Met vs againe, and madly bent on vs  
 Chac'd vs away: till raising of more aide

We came againe to binde them: then they fled  
 Into this Abbey, whether we pursu'd them,

And heere the Abbess shuts the gates on vs,  
 And will not suffer vs to fetch him out,

Nor send him forth, that we may beate him hence.

I Therefore